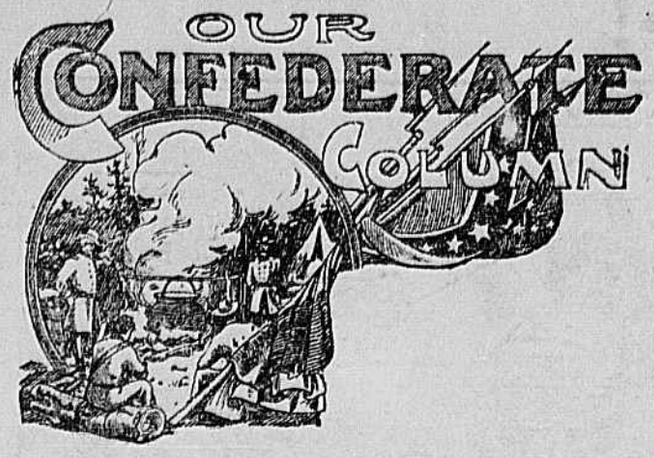

CAPTAIN WHITTLE'S REMARKABLE NARRATIVE

The Cruise of the Shenandoah, Dreadnought of the Confederate Navy—Its Record of Damage to the Union Naval Strength—Kept Fighting Four Months After Appomattox.

BY PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE.

That stir of the blood which we felt in our boyhood in reading the biographies of the great Elizabethan seadogs, men so full of the spirit of adventure, and so exhilrated by the sense of danger, has been again aroused in us by reading Captain William C. Whittle's remarkable narrative of the cruise of the Shenandoah, which has been recently issued in pamphlet form. It has that delightful simplicity, freshness and directness of expression which we find in the old sea tales, and which leaves an impression of vividness which no mere art of composition can create. In brief, it has that very flavor which is present in every story of extraordinary adventures by land or sea that is told in the unadorned language of every day—the flavor which has its noblest illustration in the poems of the Iliad and the Odyssy, in Caesar's Commentaries and in Hakluyt's Travels. The record of such events require no rhetorical embellishment. The plainer and the more modest the relation, the more clearly does the character of the deeds appear. It is this fact that has made Captain Whittle's narrative one of the most unique accounts of adventures by sea that we can recall. It will be interesting to give a synopsis of this narrative as constituting the most romantic chapter in the history of the conflict on the ocean between the North and the South.

The Confederate States, having at the outset of the Civil War no cruisers of their own, were compelled to purchase them secretly abroad. It was in this way that the Alabama, the Florida, the Nashville and other vessels came to be acquired. These ships, as is well known, made a very destructive raid on the Federal Merchant marine plying in the Atlantic waters. But it was not until the autumn of 1864, only a few months before the close of hostilities, that the Confederate government decided to dispatch a special cruiser against the large and valuable whaling fleet belonging to the North, which, from the beginning of the contest, had, without molestation, been annually garnering their their great sea harvest in the region of the Pacific. For this expedition a vessel of special construction was required. The points necessary were good sail-power, to economize coal; and also good steam-power to carry her through the calms of the tropics, and to enable her to escape from the perils of Arctic ice. She must have a propeller that could, when not in use, be detached and hoisted out of the water, so as not to impede her headday under sail. She must have the means of condensing steam into fresh water for drinking purposes. She must have comfortable and healthy quarters for the crew, and strength of construction to support her battery with ease.

All these qualifications seemed to be combined in the makeup of the Sea King, an English vessel built for the East Indian trade, with the capacity to transport a large number of troops. The Confederate agent in England, Captain Bulloch, determined to buy her, an act requiring extraordinary caution and secrecy, owing to the espionage of which he was the object. In October, 1864, the Sea King was ready to clear from the port of London, with a load of coal, her commanding officer having received from the owners a power of attorney to sell the vessel at any time after setting sail. The first step in transferring her to the Confederate government is thus described by Lieutenant William C. Whittle, who had been chosen to be her executive officer after her conversion into a cruiser:

"On October 6, I was ordered by Captain Bulloch to take the 5 P. M. train for Liverpool to London, and on arrival, to register at Wood's Hotel, High Halborn, as "Mr. W. C. Brown." I was to appear the next morning for breakfast in the restaurant of the hotel, and while reading the morning paper, to have a napkin passed through a button hole of my coat. So seated I would be approached by a stranger with, 'Is this Mr Brown?' To which I was to reply, 'Is this Mr. Wright?' Upon an affirmative answer I was to say 'Yes,' and Mr. wright and I, after finishing breakfast, were to retire to my room. All this was done."

In the early morning of the 8th, Lieutenant Whittle clambered up the side of the Sea King, and shortly afterwards the ship left the dock and moved down the Thames on her way out to sea. By all but the captain, who was a party to the secret, Whittle was supposed to be simply a supercargo, who represented the owners of the coal. The vessel proceeded without any incident to Madeira. By a preconcerted arrangement she was met there by the Laurel, which had cleared from Liverpool ostensibly with a general cargo for Havana, but in reality with a great quantity of guns, ammunitions and other supplies intended for the future cruiser. The little band of passengers which she also carried were really the officers and the nucleus of the crew who were to operate that vessel.

The two ships anchored close together, out of sight behind a rocky islet, lying near the coast of Madeira, and here the transfer from the hole of the Laurel to the hole of the Sea King, rechristened the Shenandoah, was quickly effected. Captain Waddell took command of the latter, and when she sailed he had under his orders a total company of forty-two, an inadequate force, which at first seemed to make the proposed cruise impracticable. A complement of 150 men was really required. Waddell had, before starting, consulted the captain of the Sea King and the captain of the Laurel. "Don't confer with parties who are not going with us," remonstrated the sturdy executive officer, Lieutenant Whittle. "Call your young officers together, and learn from their assurances what they can and will do." They were called together. "There was but one sentiment from each and every one," adds Lieutenant Whittle, "take the ocean." So they did take the ocean, and steered clear of Teneriffe and every other port.

So short of sailors was the new cruiser at the outset that for a time, while the adpustment of the guns and the ammunition was in progress, the captain was compelled to take hold of the wheel, so as to allow an additional hand for the work. On October 30 the first prize was captured. Transferring her crew and contents to the Shenandoah, she was scuttled and sank. Seven of the crew volunteered to join the Shenandoah's crew. On November 5 the Charter Oak was overhauled and burned. The money surrendered by the captain was returned to his wife, who was on board. From this ship the Confederates obtained a large quantity of canned fruits and vegetables. On November 8 the D. G. Godfrey was overtaken. A part of her crew joined the crew of the Shenandoah; the remainder, with the poisoners already in custody, were transferred to a Danish ship, whose captain was supplied with the necessary provisions for their subsistence. On the 10th the Susan was captured and burned; on the 12th the Kate Prince, and on the 13th the Lizzie M. Stacey. From these vessels a considerable number of recruits were procured. The The new of the Shenondoah had in this way increased from nineteen to thirty-nine. With such a mixture of nationalities, remarks Lieutenant Whittle, in his history of the Shenandoah, "the most rigid discipline had to be and was maintained, and the happiness of all was promoted by prompt punishment of all offenders."

It was not until December 8, twenty-three days after the Shenandoah had crossed the equator, that the first whaler, the Edward, was captured. The whaling ships carried large crews, and the prisoners secured from this vessel, added to those already in custody, made their retention on board dangerous. They were therefore landed on the Island of Trastan da Cunha, at that time containing a population of seven families, governed by a Dutchman who had been there for many years.

The island produced beef cattle, sheep, chickens, eggs, milk and butter. The surrounding waters were found to be filled with kelp, which made it indvisable for a steamer with a propeller to approach too near. Sheering off, the Shenandoah soon captured the Delphine, which hoved to after a shot across her bow, although she might have easily escaped, owing to her superior speed.

Arriving at Melbourne in January, the Shenandoah, with the permission of the authorities, was docked for repairs. Secret efforts, however, were made by Northern sympathizers to involve the officers and crew in violations of the neutrality laws, and some of the sailors were even persuaded to desert. On February 18 the vessel sailed. "We had received an intimation," says Lieutenant Whittle, "or a suggested plot among some Americans to get on board, go to sea, and capture the vessel, but we were on the alert. . . . We were numerically weak, but it would have been fatal for all who had entered into any such plot."

After getting out of sight of land, it was found that forty-two men had stowed themselves away, some in the hollow bowsprit and some in the coal. All were eager to enlist. "We wanted men after our losses at Melbourne," remarks Lieutenant Whittle, "but we were suspicious, after the intimated plot. The men were black with dirt We drew them up in a line, took the names and nationalities. We shipped them all, but watched them closely. They turned out to be good and faithful men." The Shenandoah now had seventy-two hands on deck. Passing Ascension Island, she took on, as pilot, a Yorkshire man, who, as a convict, had resided there during many years. Here four whaling vessels were captured, and after their contents had been removed, burned at a point where the hulks would not obstruct the harbor. The aboriginal king visited the Shenandoah, was received with liberal gifts of Schnapps, which made him very friendly, and was sent on shore with a generous supply of muskets and other presents. All the prisoners were left on the island in the company of the missionaries, with a bountiful provision for their support.

By May the Shenandoah had got as far north as the Okhotsh Sea, where the crew were diverted by strangely beautiful mirages. On June 16 the vessel entered Behring Sea, and on the 23rd captured a whaling ship, which had left San Francisco in April. The papers on board announced the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, but as they also contained Mr. Davis's Danville proclamation, declaring that the war to be pressed with renewed vigor, Captain Waddell and his fellow officers decided to continue their course. Between June 23 and January 28 twenty-four whaling vessels were overhauled and destroyed. On the 29th the Shenandoah passed through Behring Sea into the Arctic Ocean. Returning, the vessel headed for the coast of lower California, in the hope of intercepting the steamships plying between San Francisco and Panama. On August 2, nearly four months after the final scene at Appomattox, the Shenandoah spoke the English bark, the Barracouta. The captain was asked for news of the war. "What war?" "The War between the United States and the Confederate States." "Why, the war has been over since April."

Not only was the conflict at an end, but Federal cruisers were searching for the Shenandoah, which, it appeared, had inflicted its greatest amount of damage since the collapse of the Confederacy. Naturally Captain Waddell and his fellow officers thought that, should they fall into Federal hands with this destructive record immediately behind them, there would be little prospect of lenient treatment. They had been denounced as pirates while hostilities were in actual progress. How much stronger would be the feeling against them should they be captured red-handed, as it were, when the war had been concluded many months!

Promptly the vessel and crew were disarmed and it was decided to make for England and surrener to the British government. The prow was at once set for Liverpool, fully seventeen thousan miles away. The coal being needed for ballast and for the emergency of pursuit, was kept in reserve, and reliance placed on the sails alone. The crew, though composed of representatives of so many nationalities and of very heterogenous materials as to character, acted throughout the long and trying voyage with perfect fidelity to the captain of the ship. She rounded Cape Horn on September 16, and for the fourth time crossed the equator. Off the Azores, there was sighted what was supposed to be a Federal cruiser lying in wait for the Shenandoah, but by making a sharp detour after night fell and by the use of steam for the first time in the course of thirteen thousand miles, she succeeded in leaving the cruiser far behind.

On the morning of November 6 the Shenandoah, having taken an English pilot on board, steamed up the Mersey with the Confederate flag flying at her peak, the very last to flaunt the breeze in any ocean. A few hours later the flag was hauled down, and the vessel, its officers and crew were surrendered to the British nation. By the order of the British government, the officers and crew were discharged, and the ship turned over to the custody of the English agents of the United States government. In the end, she was sold to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and in 1879 was lost on a coral reef in the Indian Ocean.

Such in brief was the history of this staunch vessel and her gallant and skilful complement of officers and men. To have accompanied her in her memorable cruise is to have shared in the adventures of an epic that had half the globe for its scene of action. How difficult it must be for the survivors, now so many years employed in peaceful pursuits, to realize their participation in that course of stirring events! Could there be a greater contrast in the life of one man than that presented in the life of Captain Whittle himself—four years of service lighted up by the awful flame of war, as a heavy cloud is lighted up by a conflagration, and then a long period of honorable devotion to a peacemul business calling. It is hard for the members of a younge generation to take in the full measure of these thansformed veterans, novel or military, and yet not a day passes that we cannot say "We walked down town this morning with a hero." Yes, this man at our side, now engaged in his counting house or his bank—this man so quiet in his bearing and so unassuming in his conversation—has fought on many a battlefield or has boarded many a quarterdeck. The community is the richer for their presence, for their spirit and actions alike reconfirm the old truth.

"The bravest are the tenderest
The loving are the daring."

A HOT TIME ON BOARD A SPAR TORPEDO BOAT

A Confederate Vessel of Destruction—Explosion Under the Minnesota—A Terrible Sight. Quick Work by Confederate Naval Officers.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN A. CURTIS.

The Spar Torpedo Boat "Squib" was built at Richmond, of wood, about thirty-five feet long, five feet wide; drew three feet of water, two feet freeboard; designed by Hunter Davidson, lieutenant-commander, C. S. N. The boiler and engine were encased with iron; forward of the boiler was the cockpit, where the crew stood, and from where we steered her.

some time in March, 1864, I was ordered by the Secretary of the Navy to report to Hunter Davidson, who was in charge of the torpedo corps of James River, Virginia. I superintended, in part, the completion of the building of the boat. About the first of April she was completed. On her bow, at the water line, was placed an iron bracket; in this was an iron socket in which there was an oak spar, about six inches in diameter, sixteen foot long, placed in and fastened to the socket, and to this was attached a chain which lead over the bow on an iron sheave to the interior, and to this chain was a tackle which lead into the cockpit for the purpose of hoistering or lowering the spar; on the end of the spar was a tank made of copper, filled with powder—fifty-three pounds; on the head of the tank were six sensitive tubes, either of these striking against any hard substance caused the power to explode.

The torpedo was designed by Mr. Crowley, an electrician. On the 6th of April we left Richmond and proceeded down the James River; after getting below City Point, hid away until night, then went slowly and carefully down the river. The morning of the 8th, just before day, we went into Pagan Creek, and hid our boat in the marsh About eleven o'clock P. M., having fixed the torpedo on the spar, holding it above water by the tackle, we proceeded down the James River for Newport News. The night was dark, light air of wind to the eastward. There was a fleet of some ten or fifteen war vessels of different classes off Newport News.

We went along down the north side of the river under the shadow of the land, so as not to be seen, until we got down to what is now Newport News Point, then hauled across the channel to the south and crossed the frigate Minnesota's bow, lowered away our torpedo six feet under water, starboard the wheel and turned for the Minnesota. The tide being ebb, we drifted down abreast of her. When about 150 yards off we were hailed by the officer of the deck. Our commander answered, "Roanoke." He ordered us to keep off, and we answered, "Aye, sir, aye," but still going for the ship. The officer then gave orders to fire with small arms. We were then within twenty feet of the ship, pointing for her mainchains on the port side. In a few minutes after they fired the torpedo exploded against her. I shut my eyes, opening them in about a second, I think I never beheld such a sight before nor since. The air was filled with port shutters and water from the explosion, and the heavy ship was rolling to the starboard, and the officer of the deck was giving orders to "save yourselves!" and cried out, "Torpedo! Torpedo!" The explosion carried away the spar from the bow, and our boat handled quickly.

As the Minnesota rolled to the starboard we were sucked under her quarter, then she came back to the port, and the pressure of the water shoved us off. The second time she rolled to the starboard I jumped forward on squib deck and put hand against the Minnesota and gave her a shove, so that the ebb tide would catch her on the starboard bow. Our commander gave orders for me to take charge of the boat. I jumped into the cockpit and gave orders to go ahead and hard-a-starboard.

In the meantime there was an armed tug, called the Poppy, made fast by hawser to the Minnesota, and the officer of the Minnesota cried out to the Poppy to run us down, but for some reason, not known to us then, she failed to answer. We ran down towards Craney Island for about one mile, then hauled in to Nansemond Ridge shoal water, proceeded back up the river, and at daylight went into Pagan Creek up to Smithville, where we lay all day watching for the enemy's boats, but, none appearing, we left that night and proceeded to Richmond.

The crew of the Squib consisted of Hunter Davidson, Lieutenant Commanding; John A. Curtis, Acting Master; G. W. Smith, Acting Master; Thomas Ganley, Boatswain; H. X. Wright, Engineer; Charles Blanchard, Fireman, and William A. Hines, Pilot.

AN ADDITIONAL NAME.

Another V. M. I. Graduate Who Was an Officer at the Battle of Gettysburg.

Philip Fouke Frazer, major Twenty-seventh Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, Johnson's Division, Second Corps, A. N. Va.

He was born in Lewisburg, Greenbrier county, December 22, 1844. Reported at the V. M. I. July 10, 1860 Marched to Richmond with the corps under Major T. J. Jackson in April, 1861, and remained in the camp of instruction until after the battle of Manassas, acting as drillmaster. He then joined the Greenbrier Rifles, Company E, Twenty-seventh Virginia Infantry, as a private; was soon made lieutenant, and, at the reorganization, became the captain of his company. In the spring of 1863, Captain Frazer was made major of his regiment. He received his commission of Heutenant-colonel on May 4, 1864, and on this same day fell in the battle of the Wilderness, shot through the head and dying on the field. Colonel J. K. Edmondson, also of the Twenty-Seventh, informed this writer that he "understood that Frazer was leading the regiment with the colors raised over his head when he was killed."

General James A. Walker, the brigade commander, is on record as follows: "Whenever I needed a particularly reliable and efficient officer for extra hazardous duty, especially on the picket lines, I chose Major Frazer."

Dr. Sayers, brigade surgeon, wrote of Frazer: "He was a gallant soldier, and the youngest man to attain such a high rank that I knew of in the army."

Captain Arnall, of the Fifth Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, thus wrote of him: "I did know Phil Frazer. Your corps produced no finer soldier or more gallant gentleman."

Lieutenant-Colonel Frazer's age at the time he fell was nineteen years, four months and twelve days. (See V. M. I. Memorial Volume, page 208.)

ONE OF HIS CLASSMATES.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

A Valuable Gift of Newspapers—Complimentary Reference to Col. McCabe.

Richmond, Va., November 8, 1910.

Colonel W. Gordon McCabe, Richmond, Va.:

My Dear Colonel McCabe.—You will find inclosed several Richmond newspapers of Confederate times that may possess some interest for you and the Virginia Historical Society, in which you are doing most valuable work, and over which at this time you so worthily preside.

They are graphic reminders of that stormy period in the history of Virginia and the South that is now a splendid memory. They are fraught with much of sadness, but they tell of the heroic struggle of our people for national independence; they breathe the spirit of devotion to the Lost Cause that has made the South immortal in history; they depict with touching tenderness the courage, fortitude and self-sacrifice of Southern womanhood; they present anew to our mental vision the hardships, privations and immeasurable sufferings that were borne without hesitancy or murmuring by civilian and soldier alike—in short, they serve to paint the story of those stirring times with a realism that the artist and historian of to-day are powerless to reproduce on canvas or printed page.

In that mighty drama you were an actor, though little more than a boy in years. The distinction you won in war, and the subsequent consecration of your talents and time to the task of preserving the annals of a glorious epoch in our history, have endeared you to the people of Virginia and the South, in whose homes your name is a household word.

Not only have you placed yourself among the most faithful and efficient custodians of the annals of the South, but you have, in fullest measure, rendered most acceptable service by pen and spoken word, in diffusing throughout our beloved motherland, to inform and delight the youth of to-day and of succeeding generations, accurate and authentic knowledge of the mighty War between the States.

To you, therefore, I feel that I can most appropriately present the papers above indicated, with the request that you make such use of them as you may deem best. Yours very truly,

W. CHASE MORTON.

Richmond, Va., November 11, 1910.

W. Chase Morton, Esq., Richmond, Va.:

My Dear Morton,—Your most interesting and really eloquent letter of the 8th instant, with inclosure, should have been acknowledged at once, but I have been to New England and am just back home.

Your letter at once thrilled me and made me blush—thrilled me with its vivid portrayal of those heroic days when our Mother State gave her all, without grudge and without stint, to transmit to her children the heritage bequeathed them by Revolutionary sires—made me blush at your generous words as to my humble services, far beyond my desert, and which I am conscious I owe to your friendly partiality. But, all the same, I thank you for it, and shall keep it for my children, for the commendation of a man of your high character and equally high intelligence must prove precious to any veteran not cold to the praise of those who themselves are honored and respected by their fellow-citizens.

I read the papers with the keenest interest, and shall transmit them, as a gift from you, to the Virginia Historical Society, where they will be carefully preserved and made accessible to all students of "the brave days of old."

With renewed and grateful acknowledgments, believe me, dear Morton,

Yours cordially,

W. GORDON McCABE.

The Dust of Heroes.

In her warm bosom, hidden deep,
Old earth holds treasures rare;
Not with the worth of heroes' dust,
Can richest gems compare.

The velvet robe of emerald green
Which wraps the fair South land
Is 'broidered o'er in richest hues
By nature's lavish hand.

Now gaily blooms in every field,
And all the garden bowers,
A perfumed mass of loveliness,
Myriads of sweet spring flowers.

Cull them, ye maids and matrons fair,
Bind them in garlands gay;
Lay them with tender, reverent hands,
O'er heroes' dust to-day.

Heroes of many a bloody field,
Who long since passed away;
To whom we glady homage yield
On each memorial day.

The flower of Southern chivalry,
Their country's joy and pride,
They fought her battles valiantly,
And on her altar died.

Some fell in manhood's golden prime,
And some in life's glad morning;
But all were true and gallant men,
The soldier's fame adooming.

Life was to them most beautiful,
Their hopes and joys were sweet,
Yet holding honor paramount,
E'en death they bravely meet.

And on a hundred battle fields,
Baptized with patriot blood,
They proved their claim to heroes' fame,
And made their title good.

Ah! Should we ever to our shame,
Forget the honor due
These heroes whom we proudly claim
That day we'll dearly rue.

Then, we should vilely be abased,
Unworthy of our sires;
Uncomprehending noble aims,
The slaves of base desires.

How Southern soldiers fought and died,
Long let the tale be told;
'Twill be our country's boast and pride,
E'en when our babes are old.

Ring out, ye trumpets, loud and clear,
Those war-time airs so sweet,
That once inspired this silent dust
To march on eager feet.

We'll deck the graves with blossoms gay,
Where they were laid to rest;
Their gallant spirits long ago
Have mingled with the blest.

FLORA LAPHAM MACK.

The Times-Dispatch GENEALOGICAL COLUMN

Our own chirography which is not the best, or the faithful but undiscerning printer, makes havoc with our literary aviations. Whenever we essay to take a flight into the empyrean of fancy we tumble to earth with a broken wing.

For instance, one or the other of these causes makes the headman on a plantation take a morning "dream" instead of a morning "dram." The headman would never consent to that. Again, the planter received "mutts" of wine. Never! Mutts are new; they are gentlemen on funny pages. Wine comes in "butts." The human body fits into "nooks," rather than "works." It would be better perhaps if it gave more works, but nooks is what we tried to say.

Never mind; mistakes will happen in the best regulated newspapers, of which ours is chief, and of course our readers can read between errors and see the right word through the wrong one.

GLOUCESTER.

Land Grants on Poropotank Creek.

We continue now the names whose grants we have mentioned and then record the other land grants on Poropotank Creek.

It is a weird and interesting subject. We plainly see "the stranger," staff in hand, picking out his portion of old mother earth, far away from his original acreage; blazing a tree here, planting a stake yonder to emphasize his own peculiar privilege. Then we see him cleaning and planting by the sweat of his brow, beholding, perhaps, after many days the cheerful smoke ascending from his own chimney, as he hastens home at eventide to his babies and his wife, rosy and hopeful around his own cheerful fire. Or after many days of labor, after the sweat of toil, he lays down his staff, turns his back on the blazed trees and the meandering "runs" that mark his boundaries, and, sick of the whole cruel business, he works for somebody else, tries other land or makes his way back home to England.

A Thomas Amiss lived in Middlesex in 1724, probably son of the grantee in Gloucester of 1674. His (the second Thomas) wife was Rachel, and he had a son, John, baptized in 1724. James Amiss, married to Jane Seagur Nichols in 1737, might have been his brother; but here the Amiss family ends, and whither they strolled we cannot say. No Amiss has been in Gloucester for many a long year.

We expected to have some notes on the Tompkins family to follow up the land grant just below Thomas Amiss, but for this we must wait a little while.

In 1682 Robert Peyton took up land in Gloucester. He had been a Northumberland county in 1679, and he also had land in New Kent county in 1680. He was no mean gentleman, having come of the Peytons of "Isleham," Cambridgeshire, England, with his court of armor and his ideals begotten amongst an old civilization and bred upon the wastes of a new world. His arms were "Sable a cross engrailed or. Crest: On a wreath a griffin sejant or. Motto: Patior, Patior."

The baronetcy of Isleham became extinct, but its namesake in Virginia still stands. The Peytons of Gloucester can trace an unbroken lineage to Reginald DePeyton, of Peyton Hall, in Boxford and Stokeneyland, in the time of the first Henry. Robert Peyton, of the land grant, was son of Thomas Peyton, of Boughham-Norfolk, lord of the Manor of Wicken. The elder brother of Thomas, Sir John, was Baronet of Isleham, the seat of the family.

Robert Peyton perhaps married in England, perhaps in Virginia, we cannot tell. His children were Elizabeth (2), who married Peter Beverley; Thomas (2) and Robert (2). Thomas (2) married Frances Tabb and had John (3), Frances (3), Mary (3), and Martha (3).

Frances (3) married Humphrey Gwyn, Martha (3) married Mathew Watting, and Mary (3) married Humphrey Toy Tabb.

Robert (2), second son of Robert (1), married Mary, and had Benjamin (3) (who removed to North Carolina in 1748. He married Eleanor Bell, a widow, and had Sarah (4), who married Captain Henry Snead; Eleanor (4), Elizabeth (4), and Grace (4),) and Robert (3), who went to North Carolina also.

John (3) Peyton married first Frances, and second, Mary Dick, daughter of Charles Dick. He had Thomas (4), who married Anne, daughter of Henry Washington, and died young; Frances (4), who married John Tabb, of Clay Hill, in Amelia county, Va.; Elizabeth (4), married Mr. John Dixon, sheriff of Gloucester. Mr. Dixon during his sheriffship sustained immense financial losses, and in his petition to be relieved of the various executions against him in 1788, he mentions a great disaster which had befallen the county of Gloucester. "The sea had broken in from two to three feet higher than was ever known by the oldest man, and houses, stocks and crops were swept away by its violence. The damage the county of Gloucester alone has suffered is supposed by the best judges to amount to £20,000." Mary (4) Peyton, the favorite child of John (3), married Mordecai Throckmorton; Harriet (4), the fourth child, married Thacker Washington, and had several children. Then there was Seignora (4), Martha (4), Henry Yelverton and John (4).

Seignora (4) married Thomas Tabb Bolling, and had John Peyton (5), Frances (5), Robert (5), Rebecca (5), and Martha Tabb (5), Harriet (5), Thomas (5), Yelverton D. (5), Warner T. (5), William (5) and Richard (5).

John Peyton (5) Bolling married Anne Field Gilliam, and had Mary F. Seignora Peyton, who married Judge Wyndham Kemp, of Gloucester, and had Mary Bolling (7) and Peyton (7). Mary Bolling Kemp married Joseph E. Washington, of Wessyngton, Tenn. As Mrs. Sergnora Peyton Kemp was the ideal matron and mother, so was her daughter Mary the ideal Virginia belle. During a brilliant season at the White Sulphur she met Mr. Washington, and her home in Tennessee is distinctive and delightful by reason of her gracious presence.

The other children of John Peyton (5) Bolling were Arabella (6), who married Willis W. Hobson; Fanny (6) H., married John Kemp, of Brooklyn, and Evelyn (6), who married, first, James Gilmer, of Alabama, and second, John Wimbish, of the same State; Frances (5), married Dr. Everard Meade; Robert (5), died young; Martha (5) Tabb, married, first, Thomas Tabb, of Amelia, and second, Colonel J. H. Ross, of Alabama; Harriet (5), married Charles Eggleston, of Amelia; Thomas (5), married Mary Carter, of Goochland; Yelverton (5), married Sophia Sully, of Richmond; Martha (5), married, first, Spencer Elkin, and second, William Clements, of Mississippi; William (5) S., married Pocahontas Robertson, and Richard, married —— Hill, of Tennessee.

John (4) Peyton, the youngest child of John Peyton (3), married Mary Chiswell Lewis, of Warner Hall, in Gloucester, and had one child, Rebecca Courtenay, who married Edward Carrington Marshall, of Fauquier. With this John Peyton the baronetcy which his father ha dinherited from Sir John Peyton, baronet and officer in the royal army, whom Queen Anne had made Governor of Ross Castle, Kerry, Ireland, and who died without issue in 1721.

With John the Peyton name died out in Gloucester, although the estate of Isleham was kept up until the Civil War by successive and prosperous owners.

Mr. Warner T. Taliaferro, son of Warner Taliaferro, Esq., of Belleville, was its owner up to the time of the Civil War.

The Peytons of Stafford and Westmoreland counties are not descended from Robert, the emigrant to Gloucester, but from a cadet of the Peytons of Isleham, in England.

Their first American ancestor was Colonel Valentine Peyton, of Nomini, in Westmoreland county, Va.

The male members of this family are more numerous than was the case with the family in Gloucester.

We are all familiar with the physiognomy of a scion of the Westmoreland branch. John Howe Peyton, of Montgomery Hall, in Augusta county, whose commanding portrait, with his very long pipe and very long cane, is as good a type of the Virginia as good a type of the Virginia and form, too, might go for that of a happy English baronet.

Land grants on Poropotank, in Gloucester:

1642. Captain Francis Morgan, 1,000 acres, called Morgan's Neck and Morgan's Creek, and in 1652, 510 acres additional joining his former tract, and same year Colonel Francis Morgan, 500 acres on the Mattaponi. He was a justice in 1648 with Hugh Gwyn, Richard Lee and George Ludlow. Mrs. Frances Morgan contributed her levy to Petsworth Parish in 1679, with Mr. John Smith, Major Thomas Pate, Mr. Carter, Mr. Lightfoot, Mr. Barnard, Mr. John Booth, Mr. Thomas Lawrence, Colonel Warner and others. Dr. David Alexander married their daughter, Anne Morgan, and Thomas Buckner married her sister, Sarah Morgan. Both of these gentlemen were of the Petsworth vestry.

1642. Major Richard Lee, the emigrant, 1,000 acres at the Indian Spring, joining Francis Morgan, and in 1653, 300 acres more, and in 1658, Colonel Richard Lee, five acres towards head of Poropotank, whereon the store of Colonel Lee standeth, and also in 1756, William and Hancock Lee, his sons, 850 acres on Planketank.

In 1655, 200 acres northeast side and east, with the land of Henry Corbell.

1642. Bertram Obert, 600 acres. His daughter Agatha (died 1655) was the first wife of Christopher Robinson, the emigrant, of Middlesex county (born 1645; died 1693), Burgess, Councillor and Secretary of State. The second wife was Catherine (died 1692), daughter of Major Theophilus Hone.

1642. William Cainhoo (an Indian), 400 acres, next to the 650 acres of Bertram Obert.

1642. Ellis Richardson, 150 acres. William Richardson lived in Petsworth Parish, 1684. (Vestry book.) Charles Richardson married, 1711, Elizabeth Carter, in Middlesex, and had James, born 1712.

1642. John Bayley, 700 acres at Indian Quarter Creek; and in 1674, Richard Bailey had 1,875 acres on the Planketank at mouth of Hoccaday's Creek.

1649. John King, 500 acres at mouth of Poropotank, west side, and Thomas Bell, 134 acres adjoining.

1651. John Thomas, 450 acres, W. N. W. of Poropotank, and northwest side, towards head of Bennett's Creek.

1652. William Lindsay, 300 acres northeast side of a swamp, and next to Isaac Richardson.

1652. Colonel Hugh Gwyn, 1,000 acres, joining Captain William Leigh. (See Planketank River.)

1652. Peter Knight, 1,000 acres near head of Poropotank; and in 1668, 1,274 acres. Justice 1657. From "English Gleanings," Virginia Historical Magazine, XI., we find, 1684: "George Knight, late of Virginia, bachelor, deceased, Administration granted his sister, Frances Bayley, now wife of George Bayley." Guy Knight, 400 acres known as "Eagle's Nest," Milford Haven, in 1664.

1652. Oliver Green, east side of Poropotank, abutting west upon his own land; and in 1662 it is stated his land was "near William Newman."

1652. Nicholas Jernew, 614 acres, southeast side, and on a branch dividing him from Oliver Green.

1652. John Bennett and Thomas Leithman, 200 acres next to Robert Hubard, on Bennett's Creek. Leithman was in Gloucester 1769.

1652. Captain William Leigh, 1,000 acres, joining Hugh Gwyn, Burgess, 1692, for King and Queen.

1653. Henry Corbell, 600 acres on north and south side of a road which leadeth from the now plantation of Colonel Richard Lee, to that of Thomas Breemer. Richard Corbell was sheriff in 1763.

1653. Colonel George Ludlow, 400 acres southeast side Poropotank; he had also 2,000 on Planketank, at its mouth, and on Gwyn's Creek, in 1652. Justice 1648; Burgess 1641.

1653. John Lewis, Sr. (died 1668), 250 acres on a branch now called Lewis's Creek, but formerly Totopotomoy Creek, and, 1685, John Lewis, Jr., 250 acres at the main swamp of Poropotank, and running on down the swamp from Major Richard Lee's land. John Lewis, Sr.'s land was for five headrights, viz.: John Lewis, Lydia, William, Edward and John, Jr. Of these, William patented "Chemokins," 2,000 acres, in New Kent; and John Lewis, Jr., married Isabella ——, and had issue: John Lewis (6), born 1663; died 1725, of "Warner Hall," who married Elizabeth Warner, of "Warner Hall," daughter of the second Augustine Warner, and born at his "Cheesecake" plantation. This John Lewis inherited "Chemokins" from his uncle, William Lewis. In 1667 John Lewis, 2,600 acres on Poropotank, both sides of swamp, in King and Queen and Gloucester, and next below his plantation, 600 acres of which was granted him in 1663.

1653. John Livingston, 400 acres, west side of Poropotank Creek. He was the immigrant ancestor of the Livingston family in Virginia and the South.

1654. Robert Hubard, 300 acres west side Bennett's Creek, dividing this land from John Bennett. There seems to have been a Bennett's Creek in both Gloucester and King and Queen.

1657. William Newman, 400 acres on Poropotank, renewed in 1662 by Peter Knight. This is the locality where the conspirators in the Birkenhead insurrection met, 1663, according to their own confession. They were Cromwell's men—political offenders—and sold into servitude. Birkenhead's master and friend was Captain John Smith, of "Purton." This land was one mile below Oliver Green. Thomas Newman lived in Gloucester 1796.

1657. Captain John Smith. (See York River, following.)

In the issue of December 4 we casually remarked, hoping that the tidbit would reconcile those readers who did not especially care for land grants (which were not their own especial land grants) nor ancestors (which were not their very own) to the matter on that day set forth—that George Washington met Mrs. Custis at the home of General William Chamberlayne. This is a very long sentence, but the last of it conveys our casual remark. This little tidbit we carefully extracted from printed record, although we know that nothing is of any value but documentary evidence or attested reference to documentary evidence.

Our tidbit is assailed, and we have no documentary evidence for the truth of it. Therefore we give it up. If anybody wants to fight for it, let him do so!

We take great pleasure in printing the following communications, and any evidence on either statement we will also take much pleasure in printing in this column:

To the Genealogical Column:

In the interesting article in The Times-Dispatch of December 4 there occurs a small error. General Washington met Mrs. Custis at the house of Richard Chamberlayne, Esq., father of General William Chamberlayne, mentioned by your versatile writer.

The Chamberlayne residence was in walking distance of the White House, and Mrs. Custis and Mrs. Chamberlayne were near cousins and frequently exchanged visits, sometimes of several days' length. On one such occasion General Washington stopped to see "his friend, Mr. Chamberlayne," with the result which has become historical as well as romantic.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Query Column.

Will some of the descendants of Samuel Watson and Ann Allen, his wife, give me the names of both of their parents? They were married in the year 1768, and I suppose that the names can be found in their family Bible.

Can some one tell me the names of the parents of Rev. Thomas Bondurant? They were French Huguenots. He married Rhoda Agee about 1767 or 1769. Rhoda was the seventh child of James Agee, who was the son of Mathew Agee, the Huguenot emigrant of 1690. Any help I can give will be gladly given. Address

MRS. W. V. ATKINS.

Blackstone, Va.

Editor Genealogical Column, Richmond Va.:

Through your valuable paper can you tell me who was the father of Adam Banks, of Stafford county, Va., spoken of in the Fitzhugh letters in the William and Mary Quarterly. Said Adam Banks purchased land in 1674 (William and Mary Quarterly, Vol. V., pp. 84 and 85). I think the said Adam Banks was a son of John Banks, who was a member of the Virginia Company in 1621 (Virginia Historical Magazine, Vol. VIII., page 53). M.

Charlottesville, Va., Nov. 25, 1910.